

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

A NEW



Lith. of Endicott,

COMIC SONG

AS SUNG BY

MR. W. H. WILLIAMS,

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

WORDS WRITTEN &

MUSIC ARRANGED
BY

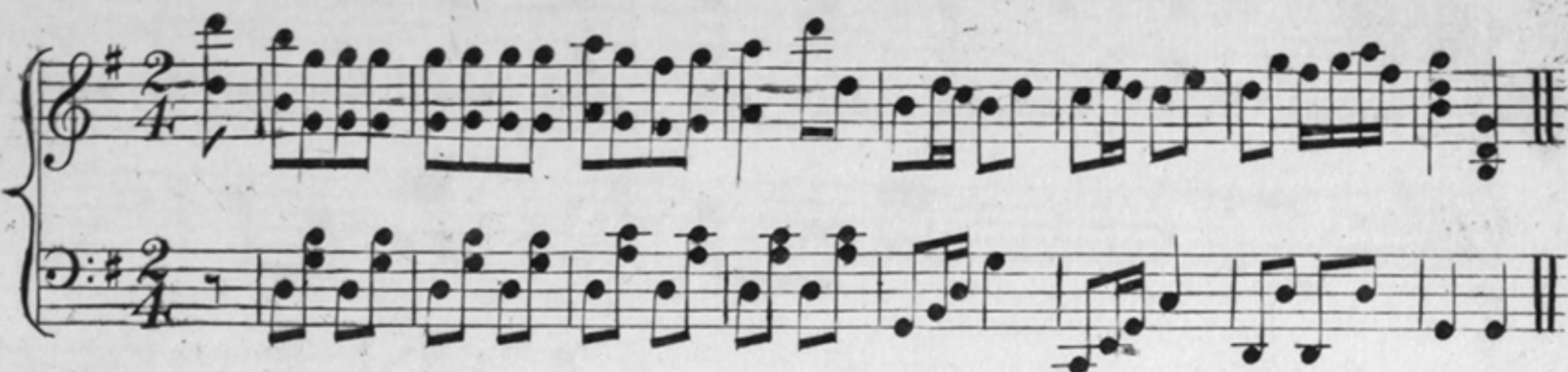
MR. J. B. DOBNEY.

NEW YORK

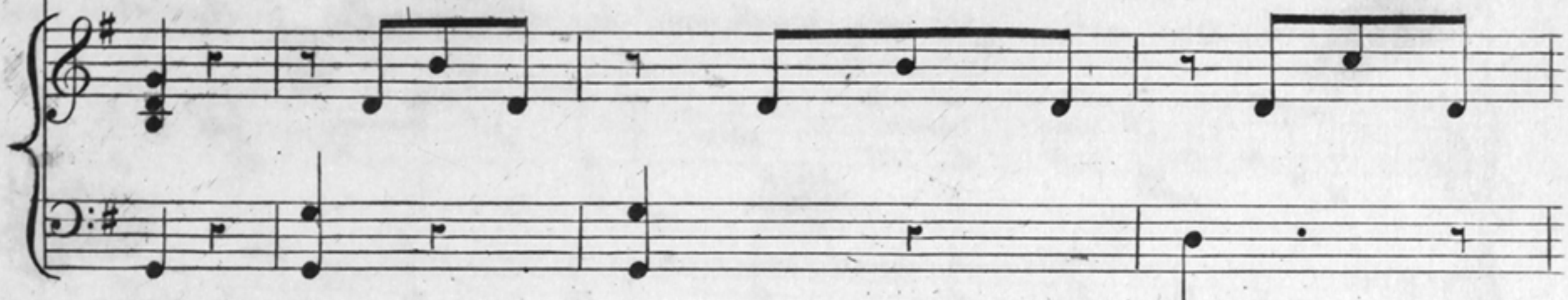
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THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

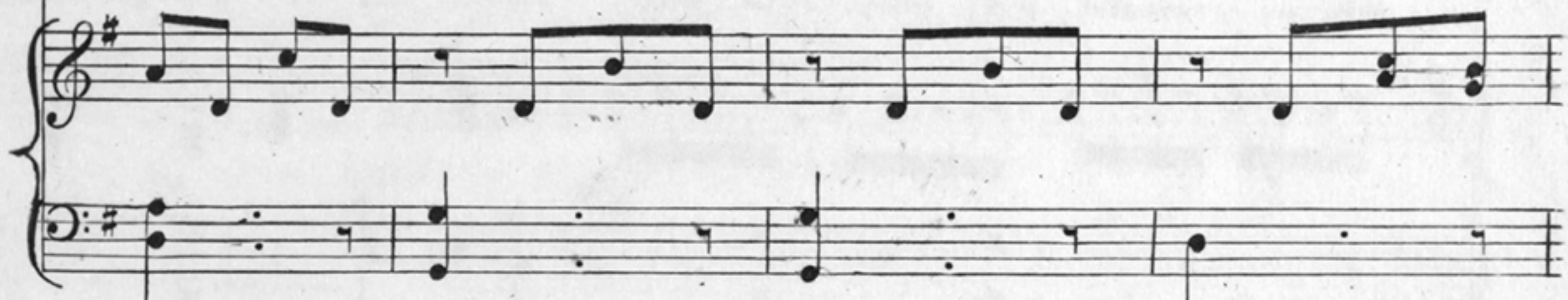
Allegro.



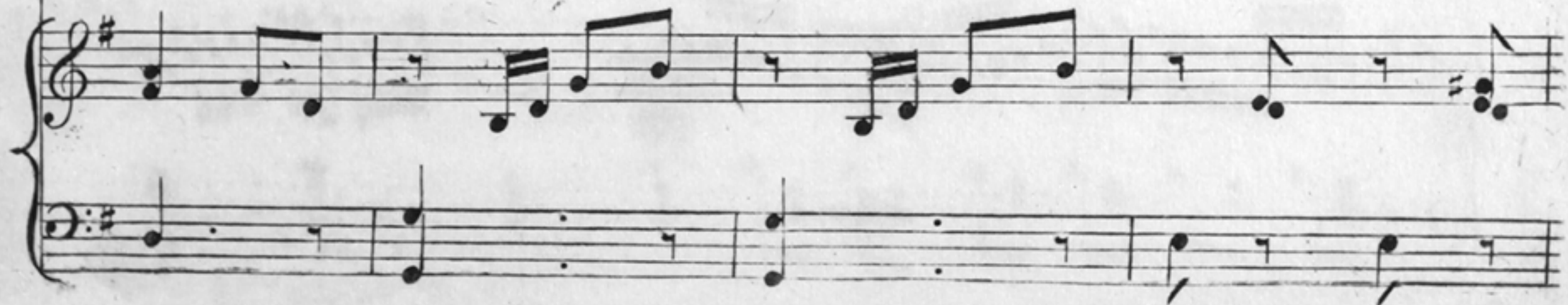
An od-di-ty in Broad-way may be seen a-bout mid-



day, a glut-ton af-ter gin-ger-bread at least the folks so



say, His sta-ture is of mid-dle size, his coat it looks quite



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brown, From heat and dust and snow and rain as he walks up and

down. Oh old gin-ger-bread, you cor-mo-rant old gin-ger bread, how

ff

can you gnaw, and stuff your craw, with pockets full of gin ger bread.

There's no one knows where e'er he goes, or can account from whence he came,
 Or make out where he calls his home, or even tell what is his name
 He does appear a nondescript and never dresses like a fop
 A Wag remarked he thought him like a wandering gingerbread bakers shop
 Oh. old gingerbread &c.

It is remarked that he of late, is fond of sucking candy,
 And mixes with the high and low, the ragged and the dandy,
 He is not over cautious, as he walks, who he may bump,
 When he turns round to quench his thirst at any public pump,
 Oh old gingerbread &c.

His odd appearance makes one think him like a fortune teller
 And if it rains in torrents, he'll not use an umbrella,
 For once he was so keenly shaved in yankee land a loof
 When buying an umbrella, that was far from water proof,
 Oh old gingerbread &c.

I caution all the ladies that may promenade up town
 To keep a sharp look out for him, or they may get knocked down,
 For when he undertakes a race, for wager or for fun,
 He goes a head, a killing pace out-stripping evry one.
 Oh old gingerbread &c.

The Temperance society, and Grahamites may claim
 This lump of pure made gingerbread and christen him with a name
 By some he's termed the Wandring Jew, and well performs his part
 By others called the Aurong Zebe the Master of Black Art
 Oh old gingerbread &c.

It has been said that he's insane but that's no general rate,
 Because the adage may be used that he's more knave than fool
 He has some sparks left in his frame, of pride and consequence
 But for a pair of pantaloons, why not lay by some pence.
 Oh old gingerbread &c.

Old gingerbread should have a coat its colour a snuffy brown,
 And then the Boys would be quite pleased and haunt him up and down
 But if he eats his gingerbread and sucks his candy well,
 We'll say no more of gingerbread but let him bear the bell.
 In gormandizeing gingerbread, he solely lives on gingerbread
 How he can gnaw and move his jaw and cram in lots of gingerbread.